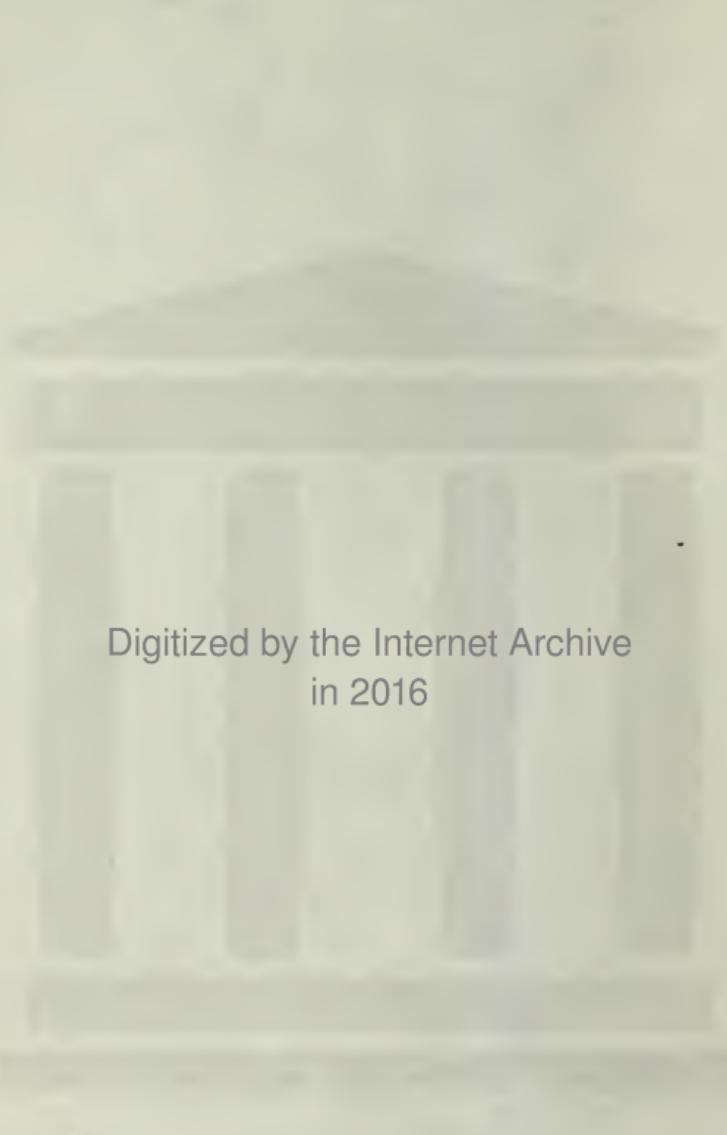


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# EURYDICE;

OR,

LITTLE ORPHEUS AND HIS LUTE.

A Grand Burlesque Extravaganza,

BEING A SECOND EDITION OF "ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE; OR, THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO CHARMED THE ROCKS."

BY

HENRY J. BYRON,

AUTHOR OF

*War to the Knife; Cyril's Success; The Old Story; Dundreary Married and Done For; Cinderella; Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue; Robinson Crusoe; Little Don Giovanni; Mazeppa; The Maid and the Magpie, or the Fatal Spoon; The Babes in the Wood; Bride of Abydos; Fra Diavolo; Jack the Giant Killer; Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons; The Nymph of the Lurleyberg; Pilgrim of Lore; The Garibaldi Excursionists; Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp; Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat; Goldenhair the Good; Ivanhoe in Accordance, etc.; Beauty and the Beast; Rival Othellos; Whittington and his Cat; Puss in a New Pair of Boots; Miss Eily O'Connor; George de Barnwell; Our Sea-side Lodgings; The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm; The Sensation Fork; My Wife and I; Beautiful Haidee, or the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers; Ill Treated Il Trovatore; The Motto: "I am all there!" St. George and the Dragon; Lady Belle Belle; Orpheus and Eurydice, or the Young Gentleman who charmed the Rocks; 1863, or the Sensations of the Past Year; Mazourka, or the Stick, the Pole, and the Tartar; The "Grin" Bushes; Lion and the Unicorn; Sensation Dramas for the Back Drawing Room; Princess Springtime, or the Envoy that Stole the King's Daughter; La Sonnambula! or the Supper, the Sleeper, and the Merry Swiss Boy; Pan; Lucia di Lammermoor; Pandora's Box; A Hundred Thousand Pounds; William Tell with a Vengeance; or, the Pet, the Patriot, and the Pippin; Lucretia Borgia, M.D.; The Lancashire Lass; Blow for Blow; Not such a Fool as he Looks; Lord Bateman; or, the Proud Young Porter and the Fair Sophia, The Corsican Brothers; or, The Troublesome Twins; Orange Tree and the Humble Bee; English Gentleman; Daisy Farm; Prompter's Box, &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

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## OR, LITTLE ORPHEUS AND HIS LUTE.

A Grand Burlesque Extravaganza, by H. J. BYRON, being a Second Edition of his celebrated Burlesque, *Orpheus and Eurydice.*

The Overture composed, and the Incidental Music selected and arranged by Mr. J. FITZGERALD. The new Scenery by Mr. H. P. HALL. The elegant Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. Appointments by Mr. BALL and Assistants. Machinery by Mr. BEAVINGTON and Assistants. Perruquier, Mr. CLARKSON.

## Character's.

ORPHEUS (a very poor young Author, with scarcely any symptoms of a beard, so that he is forced to wear a mask)

PLUTTO (Kings of a minor subdivision of the *sporung Fary*, *just ana wose*)

THE THREE FATES ... (who thinks three heads are better than one) Mr. KINGHORNE.

MISSES PASCAL, WATTS and ROSE.

ILLADAMILLUS, MINOS & SEACUS (*Judges of the Inferior Courts*)  
THABON (*The Treasurer of the Royal Household*)  
MESSRS. EDGE, WEST & WALKER.

APOLLO :: (The *Terpsichorean* of the *Six*—*an important Character*, but not the *Hero*) :: ~~MISS~~ BELLA GOODALL.

MISS ROSE CULLEN.

URDICE (Urne's pretty wife, a reformed furt, who was once flighty abroad, but who's

**Mortals and Infernals in reckless profusion;**  
*same place as Pluto* <sup>8</sup>—every inch an inch-red.

## SCENE 1.—THE COTTAGE OF ORPHEUS.

The visit of the founder of the feast—An offer and an honour—A negative proposition which is eventually carried.  
The Bite! 'To the Styx! Return of Orpheus! The Letter! The Determination!

## SCENE 2.—CHARON'S FERRY ON THE BANKS OF THE STYX,

How Eurydice gets over Charon, and then over the river—Fearful interview between the husband and the deceiver—  
THE QUARREL AND THE QUARTETTE.

## SCENE 3.—PLUTO'S DRAWING ROOM.

A charming little evening party, with the very best company in Hades—A domestic dispute and arrival of Eurydice—  
How Pluto goes on dreadful—Annoying interruptions, culminating in a GENERAL ROW—Arrival at the opportune  
moment of the "Husband's Boat," and brilliant reception of the new favourite *Quid Pro Quo* and GENERA  
ROW (if possible)—How Orpheus is obliged to seek the assistance of a brilliant lyre, which naturally helps the  
story—THE RESULT.

## SCENE 4.—LANDSCAPE.

Aristaeus finds it very lonely, and by the advice of Charon, like a second Jupiter follows his *Leda*.

## SCENE 5.—ROCKY PASSAGE LEADING TO THE STYX.

How absence makes the heart grow fonder—How Pluto wants to detain Eurydice, and how Proserpine not unnaturally  
objects—How, after much persuasion, Pluto permits Orpheus to depart, if—  
nearly does so, when—Now, look here, keep calm and wait for the climax—Orpheus is a re-liar on his own lyre,  
and the consequence is, that the dear little instrument is too well in tune to play false to him, and not only softens  
hearts, but rocks, and discloses the charming vision of the last Scene which may be aptly described as the

## E U R Y D I C E.

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SCENE FIRST.—*Exterior of the Cottage of Orpheus, R.; rustic stool outside house, R.; music to open scene.*

*Enter EURYDICE from house, R., with open letter.*

EURYD. Of all the impudent outrageous fellows!

He knows I'm married and my husband jealous;  
But notwithstanding writes me these love letters.

(reads) "Sweetest Eurydice—quick, break your fetters.  
" Be mine. I love you, let's fly. He won't see us.  
" Yours, Henry—commonly called Harry-Stæus."  
No, Aristæus, you must be aware  
That with my husband you cannot compare;  
He is a gentleman, and you are not,  
You're a bold rider, and a first-rate shot,

(*looking in house*)  
But Orpheus is a "simple dear," which *I*  
Am *not*, as you'll discover by and bye.  
But here comes Orpheus, sadder too than ever.  
Oh, dear, I wish he wasn't quite so clever. (*music*)

*Enter ORPHEUS from house, R., with a large manuscript.*

ORPHEUS. My novel sent me back, my play returned,  
My tragic poem laughed at, chaffed at, spurned.  
My essays sneered at, jeered at, thrown aside,  
And the taxgatherer won't be denied  
Another time. Then there's the butcher, too,  
His looks are like his livery—most blue.  
The milkman calls here in his daily walks,  
And never seems inclined to walk his chalks.  
The fishmonger, the baker, and the grocer,  
Have but one cry—it's "Pay us what you *owe*, sir."

EURYD. What's to be done?

ORPHEUS. What's to be *dunned*, you mean.  
Since I've been out has anybody been?

EURYD. (*drops letter*) Why no—that is—I mean—  
 (*tries to pick up letter*)

ORPHEUS. (*placing his foot on letter*) Ha! Ha, ha! what's  
 that?

EURYD. (*aside*) Why didn't I destroy it, silly flat!  
 Oh! 'Orror.

ORPHEUS. *Orror*—how it's spelt you *know*.

EURYD. I've only dropped a letter.

ORPHEUS. *Aitch*—just *so*!

EURYD. It's nothing but a bill. It's not, I vow.

ORPHEUS. (*picking up letter*) One of the few bills I can  
 take up now.

A letter! And from Aristæus too—

Does *wrong* to *me* when he does *write* to *you*.

That I mean mischief long he shall not doubt.

(*crosses L.*) I'm off—if he's at home, I'll find him out.

EURYD. (R., *drawing him back to c.*) Beware, he's used to  
 many a hard tussel;

Whilst you're the merest *shrimp*, dear, he's all *muscle*.

Training has made him a most awkward foe,

He's a great huntsman!

ORPHEUS. Doubtless; and also  
 He's a great rascal—jewels he presents  
 To ladies, with most sinister intents.

EURYD. He aims so sure, he kills all birds that fly,  
 Brings down the heron with un-*heron* eye;

Hunts down wild bulls, that with a single toss, kill.

ORPHEUS. In him there's very much less *Hunt* than *Raskill*.  
 Here goes to put his *spirit* to the *proof*.

Tar-tar! (*music, exit ORPHEUS, L. 2 E.*)

EURYD. Well, my admirer'd better keep aloof,  
 Or else there'll be—(*screams*)

ARISTÆUS enters suddenly, L. 3 E. He is dressed in an  
 exaggerated mixture of hunting and classical costume;  
 he carries a brace of partridges in one hand, and large  
 hunting whip in the other.

ARIST. (L.) Yoicks!

EURYD. (R.) Don't attempt heroics.

ARIST. (*insinuatingly*) I simply made the exclamation,  
 "Yoicks."

Permit me also to observe, "Tantivy;"  
 Also, "Hark forward," likewise "Hey ho Chivy."  
 Two partridges for *you*. You know my aim.

EURYD. I *do*—and also see your little game.

Those birds shall never grace our larder's shelves.  
 Keep them.

ARIST. They're *fresh*, and so can keep *themselves*.  
 (gives birds to EURYDICE)

Oh do not turn that lovely head aside ;  
 You have turned mine. Once it was not denied  
 That like a droll short play at the *the-yayter*,  
 I was a something of a *farcey-natur*.  
 I laughed Ha ! ha ! I quaffed Ha ! ha ! as well ;  
 Would 'midst my friends the jolliest stories tell ;  
 Would sing the last song, or old ditties rural,  
 Italian scenas, down to tooral-ooral ;  
 Was a gay dog, allowed by all to be.  
 Now all is changed—the wretched form you see  
 Belongs to one who owns a blighted heart.  
 I seldom shave—my hair I never part,  
 Care not if food be tender or mere gristle ;  
 Sing ! why I haven't got the heart to whistle.  
 You have done this ! You know I called each day  
 Not knowing there was some one in my way—  
 Who'd come since *me*—of memory sad revival—  
 That I was cut out by a *newer rival*—  
 This Orpheus—a mere scribbler—pooh !  
 I'm an old hunter—yes, and *hunter noo*,  
 We'll see, if *you* ('ere dusk suggesteth Morpheus.)  
 I can't bear off. (EURYDICE starts) You know I can't  
 bear Orph-eus.

EURYD. Oh, you're beside yourself.

ARIST. (clutching her wrist) On the contrary,  
 I'm beside *you*. I'm cunning, deep and wary,  
 And as a peeler hangs about an *airey*  
 Scenting suspicion on the part of Mary,  
 Who on her part suspects a certain Sairey,  
 Over the way—I'll carry out my plan.

EURYD. Oh, Aristæus, you're a dreadful man.

ARIST. You've made me so—I've turned a midnight  
 reveller. (takes off hat)  
 Nobody wears his hair much more disheveller !

(*very loud*) Perfidious woman, you have done it all.  
 EURYD. I'm sure I never wanted you to call.

Nor yet to shout.

ARIST. I took you to a *bawl*

And through the mazy dance—

EURYD. 'Twas very mazy.

ARIST. Lancers ain't easy—

EURYD. You were very *hazy*;

A partner who to spurs would hold adherence!

ARIST. He did; it was to show his-*pur*-severence.

I stood some supper—

EURYD. Which I didn't touch.

ARIST. Till I could stand no longer; had too much.

Was packed off somehow and packed into bed.

EURYD. Whilst Orpheus kindly drove me home instead.

I always met you with a scowl most black—

Hated your presence.

ARIST. Give 'em to me back.

The watch I gave you, you wore long, I vow.

EURYD. You needn't keep a watch upon me now.

ARIST. Would I'd the brooches, and the bracelets too.

Oh, for the rings! which by the way I *do*.

To-day, a necklace gemmed with diamond speckless;

To-morrow, rushing breathlessly and reckless

To the swell jewellers, insanely fearing

He, p'raps, might be removed and out of *ear-ring*;

Or that some opposition tradesman cruel

Had killed the luckless *gem 'un* in a *jewel*.

What am I talking of? I go like this

When my thoughts turn upon my rival's bliss.

I hate him. Love me! Come, now, don't decline.

And, for the fifty-thousandth time—"Be mine!"

(sinks on to his knees)

Oh! oh! (as if he had hurt himself)

EURYD. All needless. (goes to door of house, R.)

ARIST. (getting up and limping) Needless!

EURYD. (places stool in house with birds) Save your sorrow.

ARIST. (rubbing his leg) Ah, I shall have a *knee-de-less* to-morrow!

*Duet.—Air, “If ever I cease to Love.”\**

ARIST. Like a mouse, I declare just as quiet  
 I will be you will see, if you'll but  
 Give me that delicate left hand  
 In my right one, and not on my nut.  
 I'm weary of courting and cooing,  
 Yes, my dove—yes, by Juv!  
 But in your case, Eurydice,  
 I never can cease to love.  
 May pigs perform on the flageolet.  
 If ever I cease to love.

BOTH. If ever I cease to love,  
 If ever I cease to love.

ARIST. May I fall in the water and never get wet,  
 If ever I cease to love.

EURYD. Once for all, Aristæus, can't bear you,  
 So vanish for ever I pray.

ARIST. My dear one, you'd better take care, you  
 Have not killed me yet, but you may.

EURYD. You're well aware how much I hate  
 You all other folks above.

ARIST. But in your case, Eurydice,  
 I never can cease to love.  
 May Torpey be made police magistrate—  
 If ever I cease to love.

BOTH. { If ever I cease to love,  
 If ever I cease to love.

ARIST. May London and Ryder present him with plate,  
 BOTH. If ever I cease to love.

ARIST. And now I know what I intend to do.

*Enter ORPHEUS, L. 2 E.*

ORPHEUS. (L.) You here! you scamp!

ARIST. (C.) Ha, Orpheus! How de do?  
 Shake hands. (*offers hand*)

ORPHEUS. (*knocks it away*) Shake fists, you mean. Get  
 out, sir; go!

ARIST. A friend of mine—a publisher—

ORPHEUS. Halloo!

ARIST. A party who—who brings out books, you know.

ORPHEUS. Just so; proceed.

ARIST. (*going*) But perhaps you may not mind.

Good morning!

ORPHEUS. Do stop, if you'd be so kind.

ARIST. I told him I knew you; he'd like to know you,

And any slight civility to show you,

Such as—a—publishing your novel—then—

Perhaps you haven't got one.

ORPHEUS. I've got ten.

Forgive my warmth, Eurydice, my dear,

I'll just pop over and send in the beer.

You prepare dinner. (*going, l.*)

ARIST. (*stopping him*) Beer! This treat is mine.

Your publican's pale ale is far from fine.

EURYD. (*aside*) The wretch!

ARIST. Let me suggest some dry old port.

And as most folks are sometimes rather short.

I always am; for something stopped my growth.

Permit me. (*hands purse to ORPHEUS*)

ORPHEUS. Many thanks!

ARIST. (*bringing them down*) I love you both!

EURYD. (*aside to ARISTÆUS*) Why, what an alteration—  
very strange!

ARIST. An *alteration*! Never mind the *change*. (*to ORPHEUS*)

*Exit ORPHEUS, l. 2 e., counting money.*

EURYD. Why, you've turned generous; I can scarcely  
speak

For gratitude.

ARIST. (*aside*) He'll go before the beak.

He'll get six months at least if it's a day.

(*aloud*) Meanwhile, Eurydice, we far away,

'Neath southern skies (my love flame's never flicker'd)  
We both will bask it.

EURYD. *Basket!* Oh, how *wicker'd*!

What can you mean? (*music*)

ARIST. The money's bad I gave him.

By this time he's in custody.

EURYD. (*endeavouring to pass him*) Oh, save him!

I'll seek him out; your treachery expose.

ARIST. (aside) Philandering further's rubbish, so here goes.  
(seizing and dragging off EURYDICE, l.)

A handsome cab is waiting in the lane.

EURYD. (with slight shriek) Oh, something's been and bit  
me. (falls against ARISTÆUS)

ARIST. Sold again.

EURYD. While flying from—how very queer I feel—  
Your *serpent's tongue*—a *serpent's stung* my heel.

There's many a slip betwixt the cup and lip.

ARIST. She's had a bite, and now she wants a nip.

There. (giving her flask)

EURYD. (after tasting) Hah! I am done for!

(looks at watch) There's a boat at six;

Perhaps you'll kindly see me to the Styx.

ARIST. Once on it, you can ne'er get back to land.

EURYD. A serpent's bite is fatal, understand.

A line to Orpheus.

ARIST. I'm with anguish tortured.

EURYD. (writing in note book) "Dear O,—to-day, while  
slipping in mine orchard,

" My custom seldom of an afternoon,

" A serpent stung me."

ARIST. Oh!

EURYD. I'm a gone coon.

*Duet.—Air, " Girl with the Glossy Hair."\**

ARIST. You say you're a gone coon,  
Americanish phrase,  
Which means, of course, as everybody knows,  
To Charon's ferry, I,  
Will see you saf-e-ly,  
It's some distance, so a hansom I propose.

EURYD. That proposition is,  
More handsome than your phiz—  
Which never shall I see again, you *know*.

ARIST. In time through this event,  
With grief I shall go *bent*,  
If you'd see me, you'd not recognise your *beau*.

Though you've always slighted me,  
I am sure, Eurydice,

We should have made a very pretty pair.

EURYD. There's a hansom.

ARIST. Know the cabby,

As I never treat him shabby,

So he'll drive like Nicodemus anywhere.

*Dance and exeunt, r. 1 e.*

*Enter ORPHEUS hurriedly, l. 2 e.*

ORPHEUS. I'll cut him short in his nefarious schemes !

Halloo ! he's been and cut himself it seems.

It's only time the scoundrel thought of flittin'.

What's this ? (*seeing letter*) Eurydice, by serpent bitten !

Eurydice, my wife ! Thus torn away,  
I'll get each novel, pamphlet, essay, play,  
And building up a funeral pile on high,  
Go to the top of it and do a die.

Apollo !

*Music—Scene opens, c., and APOLLO enters and comes down, l. c.*

APOLLO. I'm Apollo.

ORPHEUS. Kind indeed it  
Is, thus to come.

APOLLO. No flattery is needed.

ORPHEUS. I'm mad—my wife has left me. (*crosses, l. c.*)

APOLLO. Ha ! how sad.

ORPHEUS. I want her back again.

APOLLO. I see you're mad.

ORPHEUS. No, I'll get back my wife, and then—

APOLLO. My friend,

Since to sincere advice you won't attend ;  
And as you will go seek your wife down there,  
A ticklish thing to do, as you're aware ;  
I'll lend you this. (*handing a golden lyre*) You poor, uxorious goose,

I lend it though for use and not abuse.

Its power's magical, for when it's played,  
All things surrounding will your wishes aid.

Locks, bolts, and bars, for instance, fly asunder,  
If you express the wish.

ORPHEUS. I'm struck with wonder.

APOLLO. But mind and recollect, it musn't be  
Used, save in cases of emergency.

*Duet.—“Air, “Touch the Harp gently.””*

ORPHEUS. I'll touch the lute gently, Apollo, you'll see ;  
And make them all dance with delight,  
Till their heels and their toes will imagine repose  
Is a thing passed away from them quite.

APOLLO. Now Apollo you'll find, he is really your friend,  
And his gift will a useful one be ;  
And if you have luck you'll recover your wife,—  
You'll recover sweet Eurydice.

ENSEMBLE. { Then touch the lute gently, dear Orpheus,  
and see

ORPHEUS. { You'll make them all dance with delight, &c.  
I'll touch the lute gently, &c.

*Exeunt ORPHEUS, R., APOLLO through scene, C.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Banks of the Styx ; a board stuck up with “Charon's Ferry. This way to the Hades Boat. Fare, One Obolus. Beware of Pickpockets. No Return Tickets issued.” Charon sings outside.*

CHARON. Row, brothers, row, the stream sticks fast,  
There's no one to Hades since daylight past.

*CHARON enters in boat, R.—jumps out.*

Business is precious dull, ain't took an obolus.  
I can't make out what's come to all the *pobolus*.  
My fare's a trifle, all degrees to suit,  
And there's no opposition on my route.  
I see a joke there about routes and Styx ;  
But I shan't make it, 'cos of the cri-tics.  
Now, who's for Hades ? This way, ladies, trade is  
Most underpaid is. This way to the shad-es.  
There ain't no passengers. Halloa ! who's this ?

*Enter EURYDICE, l. 2 E.*

I beg pardon—going over, miss.

*Concerted Piece.*

*Air, "Old Catch and College Hornpipe."*

EURYD. A boat, a boat, across the ferry ;  
This place doth me extremely terri-  
Fy. Your wherry's quite safe ?

CHARON. Werry.

*Air, "Jack Robinson."*

If you step inside, you will find it trim and taut,  
And I'll row you over, and see you safe in port.

EURYD. Your fare I think's an obolus—it's there, sir.  
CHARON. That's your sort.

You'll be there before you could exclaim "Jack  
Robinson!"

I've a pair of sculls, and a sail to unfurl,  
And though my wherry's not built by Searle,  
She's a good 'un, and I've been and called  
her—

EURYD. What?

CHARON. The "Early Pearl!"

A prettier cognomen than "Jack Robinson!"  
It's ready, at the passenger's beck and call,  
And it flies, like the wind, does my wherry small ;  
And sooner than you cross the Thames, at Green-  
wich or Blackwall,  
You'll be there 'ere you could holler out "Jack  
Robinson!"

EURYD. Farewell, dear Orpheus !

CHARON. Lawks ! it never can be ;  
You don't mean for to go and say as you're  
Eurydice ?  
I'm a young man from the country, but you don't  
get over me.

EURYD. But it's true.

CHARON. As soon have thought it was "Jack Robinson."

*Sailor's Hornpipe.*

CHARON. Now step inside. (EURYDICE *gets in*) That's it, all right the pair on us.

EURYD. Oh, dear! I'm frightened, Charon; pray take care on us.

Wish I was over there.

CHARON. Sit still, my dear,  
Or else most likely you'll be over here.  
You see, you make it quite lopsided float,  
You've tipped me, but you needn't tip the boat.

EURYD. Tip you? You're tipsy.

CHARON. Pray, don't angry get;  
Tipsy indeed!—ain't half seas over yet  
I've got one scull, you steer—now I've the o'er, see.  
Now then, Eurydice, just you hold *your rudder*, see.  
Now you can guide us safe across the ferry,  
So leave off trimming me, and trim the wherry.  
The river can't abear to hear a riot,  
It's easy to get over if you're quiet.

EURYD. Styx easy to get over?

CHARON. Quiet keep!

EURYD. I always heard it was so very deep.

CHARON. Don't you attempt them jokes with Pluto,  
mind,

Though in a furnace he is not refined.

*Duet.—Air, "Over the Sea."*

CHARON. Eurydice,  
Pluto will be  
Very delighted yourself, ma'am to see;  
Jealous of he  
Is Prosperine-e.

EURYD. Charon, do please go along.

*Music.—they row off, R.*

ORPHEUS *rushes in, L. 2 E.*

ORPHEUS. Hi! Ease her! back her! stop her! Charon drop it!

He's rowing right off with my precious poppet.  
She's gone off just like poor Eily O'Connor;  
Charon! Come back for me.

CHARON. (*outside*) Aye, aye, your honour!

ORPHEUS. That sluggish stream scarce moves—those ancient bricks

Were right in calling such a river “Styx.”

Like a school pudding, where the master’s mean,  
There’s hardly any *currant* to be seen.

Well, Charon’s berth I can’t say would suit *me*.

*Enter ARISTÆUS, l. 1 e.*

ARIST. I couldn’t keep up with Eurydice. (*he stumbles against ORPHEUS, who turns—they recognise each other*)

Why, Orpheus, how ubiquitous you are!

Orpheus, let me Orpheu—s—igar! (*offers case*)

Regale yourself with a regalia.

ORPHEUS. (*with contempt*) Clown!

ARIST. (*aside*) Regalia! P’raps I’d better mind my crown.

Would from my amorous eyes her spouse had kept her,

Talking of *crowns*, why did I *hint o’sceptre*, (*intercept her*)

I’ve taken nothing by the motion, not,

But what I *shall* take, something rather hot.

There’s something in his eye makes me incline,

To think I soon shall something get in *mine*.

Oh! Orpheus, my young friend, mind what you do, sir,

I’m hale and stout, in other words, a *brew, sir*.

(*squaring*) I’ve taken *lessons*, small foes how to drop ‘em,

(*aside, confidentially*) Why I took *less’uns* was ‘cos I could whop ‘em.

He seems to be preparing.

ORPHEUS. Aristæus,

We are alone—where nobody can see us.

Come on.

ARIST. I don’t feel inclined, boy, for a tussel;

Besides, the match ain’t fair; you know, my muscle;

Or rather don’t. I’m used to spar with those

Parties who show a slight bend in the nose,

Cropped head, thick neck, obtrusive high cheek bones;

In fact, a party by the name of Jones,  
Otherwise, "Chickaleery Ginger," owns  
That I can *hammer*, ONE! TWO! safe and *su-er*,  
Better than any other "hammer-twoer."  
So don't do nothing rash, young party, please,  
'Cos you'd repent it p'raps.

ORPHEUS. (*seizing him by the throat*) Dog, on your knee,  
Admit your guilt, and humbly ask my pardon!

ARIST. Don't—every knuckle that you've got's a hard'un.  
"I prythee take thy fingers from my throat."

ORPHEUS. Be quick, each minute I expect the boat.

ARIST. Let go, you fierce young vagabond, you hurt,  
Not to say anything about my shirt,  
Which you're a rumpling—hands off! Since you  
will

Go in for what the P. R. calls "a mill,"  
You shall have one of my "knock-downers" now,  
I hope you've made your will.

*Music—They square, ARISTÆUS makes a rush at ORPHEUS; at that moment CHARON's boat comes on, and CHARON knocks ARISTÆUS on the head with his scull—picture.*

CHARON. (*gets out of boat*) What's all this row?

ARIST. (*crosses, L.*) You've cracked my skull with that  
tremendous blow—

CHARON. I'm merry good at sculling, don't you know.  
Don't you attempt, my friend, with me to box,  
For I'm the son of Erebus, and *knocks*.

### *Trio.*

ORPHEUS. Now I'll pop aboard quick,

CHARON. And I'll row you over slick.

ARIST. I'll get a pint of vinegar and paper, oh!  
For you've smashed my occiput.

ORPHEUS. Pooh! Pshaw! And likewise tut!

CHARON. Then you shouldn't try the captivating caper, oh!  
La-la, li, li, &c.

*Dance and exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Pluto's Drawing Room. An evening party is going on—a mixture of the modern and the infernal; a decanter of sherry and glass, and seed cake, on table, c.; IMPS and IMPESSES.*

GUESTS discovered; **ŒACUS**, **RHADAMANTHUS**, and **MINOS**,  
*in Judges' wigs.*

**RHADAMANTHUS.** Really, our monarch's anything but sordid,

But he's so warm, that he can well afford it.

Here comes our charming hostess, and our misses.

*Music—Enter PROSERPINE, l. 2 E.; GUESTS gather round.*

**PROS.** What, my Lord Chancellor! Now really this is Most kind of you to come so soon. Dear me! Where can the Fates and the Three Furies be? They promised they'd come early to assist. You three, of course, would like a game at whist? I'll fetch you a nice fourth.

**RHAD.** *(aside)* Well, it's so hot,  
I wish she'd fetch *an ice* forth on the spot.

*Enter the THREE FATES, l. 1 E.*

**PROS.** Ah, my dear Fates, you all three look like houris. Have you seen anything, love, of the Furies?

**CLOTHO.** We passed them, and they asked us if we wouldn't

Bring them—our carriage being small, we couldn't.

**PROS.** But here they are. (*FATES cross at back, to r.*)

*Enter the THREE FURIES, l. 1 E.*

Good evening, dears; delighted

To see you all.

**ALECTO.** Hem! we were not invited  
To your last party.

**PROS.** 'Twas for old folks quite,  
This is for young and pretty ones to-night.

**ALECTO.** Well, dear, then that is quite another thing.

**PROS.** Of course; so pray enjoy yourself. (*flourish*)

**ALL.** The King!

*Music.—Enter KING PLUTO, walks round stage to music.*

PLUTO. I am King Plu-u-to,  
Monarch of do-o-o-wn below !  
And I stand ne-e-ver no  
Nonsense at all,  
From great or small.  
From great or small.

*Air, "Jim Crow."*

Turn about and wheel about,  
Or else it will be slow ;  
Mind and toe and heel about,  
And also heel and toe.  
Turn about and wheel about,  
Each dance that's all the go ;  
Polka and quadrille about,  
And do just so.

(PLUTO repeats solemnly the "Faust March,"  
while the rest sing *sotto voce*, "Turn about and  
wheel about," &c., harmonized.)

PLUTO. Bless you, my people ! in your alcove's gloom,  
You'll find a rather snug refreshment room.  
It isn't large, but there's of cake some slices,  
And if you're warm, why my advice is—ices.  
If you search carefully among the spoons,  
You'll possibly observe some macaroons,  
Flanked by a modicum of lemonade,  
Which p'rhaps is warm, as it's been sometime made ;  
And some South Afric sherry, strong and new.  
Which when you try it, friends, will perhaps try *you*.  
From lordly seed cake, down to modest bun,  
Pitch in, be merry, but don't pocket none.

*Music.—GUESTS go off, R. and L., singing "Wheel  
about," &c.*

PLUTO. (L.) Now that we're quite alone, I really must  
Express my feelings, ma'am, or I shall bust.  
Do you suppose I'm made of money, eh ?  
We give up party-giving from to-day.

*(crosses, R. c.—taking up sherry)*

Sherry ! Ha, ha ! for a musician, too,  
 When Cape at one and sevenpence would do.  
 She'd ruin me completely if I'd let her.  
 A seed cake, and I never *se'ed* a better :  
 You've a new dress too, and extremely dear ;  
 I've worn my dress coat, ma'am, for fourteen year.

PROS. (L.) I don't complain of your dull dinner parties.

PLUTO. (R.) What ! You complain—well, that a pretty start is !

You're young, good-looking—as you've oft been told—

'Twill be high time to *come plain* when you're old.

'Twill something cost to sup that crowd of ninnies ;  
 There's the pianist too, from Coote and Tinney's.

My *tin* is taxed. I feel like angry Scot,  
 That, coute qui coute—I *could kick oot* the lot !

PROS. Perhaps you'd have preferred the governess ?

PLUTO. As I don't dance myself, I must say yes.

Look what I have to stand !

PROS. Well, take a chair.

PLUTO. I tell you what, ma'am, I won't stand it, there !

PROS. I wish I'd never married you, I do !

PLUTO. In which remark, I quite agree with you.

PROS. These brimstone halls don't with my health agree.

PLUTO. Brimstone, indeed ! a nice *in sult fur* me !

I'll speak about divorce to *Eacus*,  
 And make him put the law in force-for-us !  
 Put it in *phosphorus*—it's very clear,  
 They must when they've to *end a match*, my dear.

PROS. Mine was a dull one.

PLUTO. Why, then, did you strike it ?

You did, decidedly, and seemed to like it.

PROS. Well, 'twas a low match—quite beneath my station.

PLUTO. A low match !—that is mere high-match-ination !

PROS. I am the child of Ceres, as you'll see.

PLUTO. The *series* of remarks you make to me

Are so rude, I shall *hop off* till they stops.

I am the son of Saturn, ma'am, and *Ops* !

The *sauviter in modo* dropped must be

In favour of the *fortiter in re*. (PROSERPINE screams)

No fainting don't you go off—if you *do*,  
I give you notice I shall go off too.

PROS. Why have this row then?

PLUTO. Come, did I begin it?

PROS. Oh, you're a brute!

PLUTO. I am, and glory in it.

*Duet. Air,—"Go to Putney."*

PLUTO. I am a king, as you're aware;  
If you don't like your station,  
I give you warning, Proserpine,  
To change your situation.  
Although it's rather warm down here,  
And chops require no chutnee,  
You should appreciate your lot;  
You don't—so "Go to Putney."

(spoken) Of course I use that familiar phrase simply in a figurative sense, because Hades and Putney are not adjacent, but it's a sort of relief to one's feelings when one's wife irritates one to say—say—

(sings) Go to Putney—go to Putney—  
Go to Putney—go, ma'am, do.  
Go to Fulham, Chelsea too.  
Go to Putney—go to Putney,  
Jump into a "Royal Blue."  
Go to—Pimlico.

PROS. I am a queen, if you're a king;  
You know that my relation  
To you is that of wife, and so  
I'll brook no botheration.  
You'll find no nonsense will I stand,  
Of capers don't you cut any,  
Or in my turn I'll do the grand,  
And pack you off—to Putney.

(sings) Go to Putney, &c.  
(dances PROSERPINE, L. 1 E.)

PLUTO. Really, my Proserpine grows wuss and wuss!  
I'll serb her out. But where is *Cerber-us*,

My faithful dog? Hi, Cerby! (*whistles*) Come here, sir!  
Come, my old faithful triple-headed cur. (*music*)

*Enter CERBERUS, r. 1 E., a dog with three heads.*

My dog, who picks up everything one teaches,  
Has got three heads, like Mr. Gladstone's speeches;  
But, as might naturally be expected,  
His are considerably more connected.

*Enter CHARON with EURYDICE, r. 1 E.*

PLUTO. Well, Charon, so you've brought a fare, I see.

CHARON. Yes, something like a fair.

PLUTO. (l.) Oh, gracious me!

What is this feeling, and this sudden glow?

EURYD. Perhaps it's indigestion. (*crosses, r. c.*)

PLUTO. Oh, dear, no!

EURYD. Pastry'll produce it, or a sudden start.

PLUTO. This is the heart.

EURYD. I thought it might be tart.

PLUTO. These tart replies, are thrown away on us.

EURYD. That's p'raps because your King of Tart-arus.

PLUTO. My dear, you're very smart, that must I say.

EURYD. I dressed, sir, just before I came away.

PLUTO. I am a king—a king! So please no sauce.

Just recollect our *station*, miss.

EURYD. (*half aside*) King's Cross.

I've crossed one Styx, but never thought that you

Would prove to be a monarch cross as two.

PLUTO. Cross as two sticks, ha, ha!

CHARON (r.) Why all the way

She cut jokes like a fellow in a play.

Conundrums asked—in fact, she called should be,  
Eu-riddle-see, and not Eurydice.

EURYD. Why can your Styx—

PLUTO. Ha, ha!

EURYD. Be never bare?

Because your *barque* is always on it.

CHARON. There!

EURYD. Why is—

PLUTO. Now, stop! This riddling will not do.

(aside) My heart! alas! this lass has riddled through.

Into the servants' hall retire.

(crosses to EURYDICE, up R.)

CHARON.

All right!

A nod's as good as a—(CERBERUS flies at him) Now then, don't bite.

*Music.—Exeunt CHARON, chased by CERBERUS.*

PLUTO. My life was colourless, like stripling's beard,

Completely colourless till hue appeared.

True, on their king my numerous subjects doat.

You've changed this sovereign. (on his knees)

EURYD. Do please change your note.

PLUTO. You're in my power, and you can't decline;

Treasure, you're 'neath the earth, and must be mine.

EURYD. Mine 'neath the earth; that shaft's too deep for me.

PLUTO. And I the collier venturesome shall be,

Who on the precious valuables bent,

Seizes 'em!

EURYD. Collier! *coll-yer-self* a gent?

PLUTO. A-gent for colliery. Ha, ha! (winks)

EURYD. Don't wink.

You're more like Old King Cole himself, I think.

(crosses, R.)

PLUTO. (aside) This style won't do, the manner Claude Melnottish,

Is more enticing. Here goes, rather hottish.

Dearest, would'st have me paint—

(drawing her arm through his, and walking about)

EURYD. I think I would,

At present your complexion isn't good.

PLUTO. I meant to paint our home, that you might view it.

EURYD. I think I'd let house decorators do it,

It would be cheaper.

PLUTO. Yes, to me, quite true,

But I would make it *dearer*, love, to you;

This hand would lead thee, beautiful new comer,

A palace lifting to—

EURYD. "Infern<sup>al</sup> summer."

PLUTO. (*aside*) Quite true.

EURYD. Go on—I've listening powers rare.  
You have my ear.

PLUTO. Ha, ha ! she has me there.  
(*alluding to his heart*)

EURYD. I heard you had a wife.

PLUTO. (*aside*) With rage I stifle.  
(*aloud*) Yes just a trifle. (*aside*) Proserpine a trifle !

(*aloud*) How could the fact across the Styx have passed ?

EURYD. Oh, evil news, sir, travels very fast.

PLUTO. We quarrel more than any one would think,  
In fact we are on separation's brink,  
A brink as steep as are the cliffs of Dover,  
If you'll accept me——

EURYD. Yes.

PLUTO. I'll throw her over.  
My admiration I cannot restrain.  
One chaste salute. (*about to kiss her*)

*Enter suddenly the THREE FATES, L.*

FATES. Hem, hem, hem !

PLUTO. Sold again !

1ST FATE. (*to 2nd FATE*) Kissing another when he's got a wife.

Let's go and make her miserable for life.

We must tell Proserpine ere it's too late,  
For anything like secresy I hate.

CLOTHO. Beg pardon, really we were not aware  
You were engaged.

FATES. Well, did you ever !

*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*

EURYD. (R.) There !  
You've done it now.

PLUTO. Those Fates should all know better.

EURYD. She'll tell your wife.

PLUTO. Who cares ? I don't—Ha ! let her.  
I'll not be baulked again—there's no one near—  
I'll have a kiss or die for it.

*Music—Enter THREE FURIES, R. 1 E.*

ALECTO. (R.) My dear!  
 He tried to kiss her! At the thought I chafe,  
 Why none of us poor trembling things are safe.  
 Why, gracious me, he might kiss me or you!  
 EURYD. Yes, mum, he might, but he's not likely to.  
 ALECTO. At once poor Proserpine must know it, there—  
 'Twill break her heart—but that's not our affair.  
 This is no place for us—Oh, dear me, no!  
 (crosses to corner)  
 The instant supper's over, dear, we'll go.

*Exeunt FURIES, R. 1 E.*

PLUTO. E'en as a little boy, who tasting jam,  
 Reckless of consequences, has a cram,  
 Thinking that for a sheep as for a lamb  
 He may as well be hung—so will I snatch  
 Not one salute, Eurydice—a batch!

*Music—PLUTO runs after and plumps into the arms of PROSERPINE, who enters, L. 1 E., attended by FATES and GUESTS—FURIES enter, R.*

PROS. (L. C.—drawing herself up) Well, this is pretty.  
 PLUTO. (R. C.—pointing to EURYDICE) This is pretty too.  
 (crosses, L.)  
 PROS. (crosses, c., and curtseys to EURYDICE, R.) And  
 might I humbly ask, ma'am, Who are you?  
 I'm not aware I sent you an invite, ma'am,  
 Though all of us your presence may delight, ma'am.  
 Such condescension—

EURYD. Madam, spare your sneers,  
 My conduct's not so bad as it appears.

ALECTO. What! When we saw you almost kissed before us?  
 FATES. And so did we.

PLUTO. Stop that atrocious chorus!  
 'Twas out of welcome that the deed was done—  
 A royal salute.

PROS. You wretch, that's twenty-one!  
 Pluto, I'll be divorced! (crosses, R., and back to c.)  
 ALECTO. Poor dear, I would.  
 PROS. Farewell for ever, monster! (crosses, L.)  
 PLUTO. (c.) Very good!

*Concerted Piece.—Air, “After the Opera.”*

PLUTO. After this uproar is over,  
To this state of things I will make,  
You'll see, ma'am, an end—for in clover  
In future my pleasure I'll take.

PROS. You're quite a disgrace to your crown,  
A crown I will no longer share.

PLUTO. You're a regular old Mrs. Brown,  
(PROSERPINE screams)

PROS. And you are an elderly bear!

(*faints on his shoulder—the FATES, &c., bring smelling salts and powder puff*)

PLUTO. After this uproar is over,  
And all these young ladies have gone—(PROSERPINE  
revives)

As sure as there's lobsters at Dover,  
My bidding, by Jove, shall be done.

*Air.—“Waxwork Show.”*

PLUTO. You've never seen great Pluto in a roaring, regal  
rage,  
He stamps, and raves, and rushes here and there  
about the stage!

PROS. Eurydice can equal him—Alecto, is it true?

ALECTO. (r.) Oh, really, yes, your majesty, we quite agree  
with you.

PLUTO. I won't be crossed,—I won't be sauced,—I won't  
be bullied here.

EURYD. The bullying—a pleasant term—is on your side  
it's clear.

A pretty scene, to let your queen be made to look  
so small.

PLUTO. I won't have any more of this—here finish up the  
ball.

Go fetch the cabs, the carriages, and go and find  
your shawls,

Put on your cloaks, and stop your jokes, and quit  
these “noble halls”

Of dazzling light"—You'll feel the might of Pluto's  
rather strong,

I've only one remark to make, and that is—go along!

CHORUS. Go fetch *our* cabs and carriages, &c.

*Exeunt FATES and EURYDICE, r. 2—FURIES, l. 1 e.  
and PLUTO, r. 1 e.—dancing off.*

PROS. (*aloud*) All wronged Medea's jealousy and hate,  
Are boiling through my veins, I beg to state.

I'll be revenged too—ah, but how, yes how?

*Enter CERBERUS, r. 1 e.*

Well, Cerberus.

CERB. Excuse me—but, bow, wow!  
The boat's just in.

PROS. Boat me, no boats—I'm mad!

CERB. Containing an extremely tidy lad.

PROS. A lad!

CERB. One passenger alone it had in,  
It's just pulled up alongside.

PROS. With a lad, in!  
Quick, show him up, we will inspect the youth.

*Enter ORPHEUS and CHARON, r. 1 e.*

CHARON. A smartish row, your honour, that's the truth.

ORPHEUS. Well, talking of the truth—which I admire,  
Perhaps you'll just oblige me with my *lyre*.

(*slings it on shoulder*)

CHARON. My fare's an obol—I've an aged mother,  
Couldn't you oblige us with another?

ORPHEUS. There. (*gives money*) Who's that lady?

CHARON. Proserpine, our queen.

ORPHEUS. You see I'm generous. (*gives money*)

CHARON. You behold her mien,  
Isn't it stately?

ORPHEUS. Tell me all about her.

Here is more money. (*gives it*)

CHARON. You're an out an'outer.

PROS. (*aside*) What a sweet youth—how different from  
my wretch!

ORPHEUS. You'll call for me at twelve.

CHARON. I never fetch.

This is a bourne from which no traveller  
 Ever returns. Good night. *Exit, r. l. e.*

ORPHEUS. (r. c.) I say, you sir !

Bourne—I'm not *dead* !

PROS. We'll try to make your stay  
 As pleasant as we can.

ORPHEUS. (aside) What shall I say ?

(aloud) I've lost my wife—that start, what means it ?

PROS. Why,  
 I wouldn't mourn for such a wife, not I.

ORPHEUS. Not I—she's not been naughty. She's a shade.

PROS. Yes, a shade worse than ever, I'm afraid.

ORPHEUS. Has she forgotten me ?

PROS. Not only you—  
 But she's forgotten—

ORPHEUS. What ?

PROS. Herself ?

ORPHEUS. Oh, pooh !

PROS. That's rude. The conduct of a wedded lady,  
 Who flirts with married men, is—

ORPHEUS. (placing his arm around her) Rather shady.

PROS. Shady ! It's shameful ! Wonder how you can ?

ORPHEUS. It's more disgraceful in a married man.  
 (squeezing her)  
 Madam, I thought I should be wretched here.  
 But since Eurydice, it's very clear,  
 'S forgotten me—believe me when I say,  
 I've never loved—

PROS. Good gracious !

ORPHEUS. Till to-day.

PROS. But, sir, I'm married—it were vain concealing.

ORPHEUS. You are, so can appreciate my feeling.

PROS. My husband is a brute.

ORPHEUS. He is, I'm sure.

PROS. And quite as jealous as a blackamoor.  
 I never gave him cause—I never flirt ;  
 He seldom wants a button on his shirt.  
 By me he's always *studded*.

ORPHEUS. The're you're wrong.  
 I wonder that you've *stud* it half so long.  
 Sweet madam, how I wish you'd fancy me ;  
 Show, Proserpine, some *reciprossertee*.

PROS. You're very bold.

ORPHEUS. So are all lovers true.

PROS. I like your impudence.

ORPHEUS. I know you do.

PROS. Your rudeness, sir, will make me leave in pique.

ORPHEUS. Which means you'll set your face against my cheek.

Come, now, it's ready—but by no means rough,  
I'm a young shaver with the merest fluff.

Now won't you with one kiss young Orpheus bless?

PROS. No, no!

ORPHEUS. No, no. Two negatives mean yes,

PROS. Sir, on those negatives you mustn't seize.

Don't take from them a bad impression, please,  
Or in my portrait there'll appear a flaw.

ORPHEUS. I'm no photographer, though said to draw.

PROS. With smart remarks he gets around my heart.

ORPHEUS. We often get around by being smart.

PROS. Well, if you take one for a joke—don't tell.

ORPHEUS. I always take those kind of jokes so well.

(aside) That's what I call encouraging—so there!

*Music—kisses her—Enter PLUTO, FATES, FURIES and GUESTS from R. and L.—picture.*

PLUTO. What do I see?

EURYD. Well, Orpheus, I declare!

PLUTO. You dare to kiss Queen Proserpine?

PROS. Well, you  
Kissed that Eurydice.

ORPHEUS. Ah! Is that true?

PLUTO. False creature!

EURYD. Monster!

ORPHEUS. Heartless woman!

PROS. Cruel!

ORPHEUS. The whole affair must finish in a duel.

I call you out.

PLUTO. Shan't come, and you shan't go.

ORPHEUS. I will, and take my wife back.

PLUTO. Will you though?

Well, we'll see to that. Ho! Cerberus, come here!

Don't let that party pass you.

CERB. (R.) Never fear!

EURYD. Agony!

PROS.           Rage!

ORPHEUS.       This surely is a case  
Of dread emergency. All in the place  
Shall dance, despite their will; I'll make 'em go it.  
The whole community shall heel and toe it.

(*ALL commence to dance*)

*Concerted Piece.*

ORPHEUS.       I'll make 'em dance,  
I'll make 'em prance,  
So that they cannot stop it,  
Until they begs,  
With aching legs,  
Of Or-phe-us to drop it.  
Now, little lyre, come do your best,  
And make the party hop it,  
His majesty and all the rest,  
Except my pretty poppet.

ORPHEUS.       Up I go,  
PLUTO.          High gee woh,  
PROS.            Oh ! oh ! oh !  
ORPHEUS.        Heel and toe,  
PROS.            I can't stop,  
ALECTO.          I shall drop,  
PLUTO.          Right down flop.  
EURYD.          It is so  
                  Dreadful to  
CERB.            Kickeraboo,  
EURYD.          Gracious Plu—  
ORPHEUS.        to-to-to.

ALL. Skipping, tripping, hopping, dropping, flopping,  
                  We shall drop.

(*dance kept up furiously till end of scene.—exeunt  
ORPHEUS and EURYDICE*)

*SCENE FOURTH—Landscape.*

*Enter CHARON, counting his money.*

CHARON. Well, trade at last is looking up a bit.

(*tries money*)

That's not a good one, I'm quite sure of it.

Somebody's done me of my fare—how shabby—  
 To treat me as a swindler'd treat a “cabby.”  
 Charon's existence is a trifle prosy,  
 Though he *rows over*, it's not *over rosy*.  
 To find his fare—a miserable brown—  
 Quite unlike *Greenwich fair*—is *not put down*.

(ARISTÆUS heard without faintly)

ARIST. Yo-oi-cks! Tally ho! Hark forward!

CHARON. (looking off, L.) Oh,

Poor Aristæus, since that dreadful blow  
 I gave you on the head; also the one  
 You got in losing her, what have you done  
 To bring yourself to this?

Enter ARISTÆUS—he is thin, sallow, shrunk, and sad—  
 his head is plastered, and tied up with white handkerchief.

ARIST. Oh dear, oh gracious!

My head is for my *cap* far too *capacious*.  
 I'm that shrunk at the wash—my eyes, I vow  
 Were pairs, but oh, my eyes! behold 'm *now*.  
*Pears!* more like *damsons*. Once my nose was said  
 To be the finest feature in my head;  
 Then of “prime Grecian” it was quite a case,  
 Now it's an insult to my very face.

CHARON. Bear up, old chap.

ARIST. I'm not old—that's the worst of it.

Once of society I had the first of it.  
 But into difficulties Fate has thrown one.  
 My sole society is now a *loan* one.

CHARON. A lone one! By yourself you mean?

ARIST. Oh, no.

Buy myself! sell myself! pay all I owe;  
 And then heigh-o for Hades! See my chest;  
 An only *son* a sinking in the west.  
 Look at my legs, I once was proud to show 'em,  
 And now when I behold 'em, I don't know 'em.  
 Oh, oh! Eurydice, to leave me thus!

CHARON. About Eurydice don't make a fuss.

Though you were of all hopes of her bereft—  
 She is all right.

ARIST. She isn't right—she's *left*.

She, who for untold gold, I wouldn't barter her—  
 Gone with my heart! I think that I'll go *hart-er* her.  
 I'll catch her up, or rather down.

CHARON. Just so;

It's *facilis decensus* to—you know.

If you the *facilis decensus* will—

ARIST. Oh, drop *de-census* or you'll make me ill.

I filled the paper up, it's very true,  
 And put down every age of course I knew;  
 But my old housekeeper, who lived with me,  
 E'en from my birth (she *came* old—fifty-three;  
 At least she looked it), I think wasn't quite  
 Doing as low folks say "the thing what's right."  
 When (and I couldn't make her change her tune)  
 She vowed her age was "thirty-four next June."  
 Younger than me! So if it's truth she sworn,  
 She nursed me previous to her being born.  
 But let's to Hades.

CHARON. Wait a bit—you know  
 Alive to Pluto's realms, you couldn't go.  
 Before you go to Hades, don't you know,  
 You first must die.

ARIST. Must I? That is a go!  
 But I'm prepared for anything, and so  
 If you'll your boat get ready for a row,  
 I'll join you at the—

CHARON. "'Nuff said," *Quantum sufficit.*  
 (going R.)

ARIST. (clutching him by wrist) I say—the river—'tisn't  
 very rough, is it?

I'm a bad sailor.

CHARON. Smooth as glass, my hearty.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

ARIST. He ain't a very pleasant water party.

That dreadful river has no kind of fish in it,  
 However Mr. Buckland might be wishin' it—  
 He couldn't gammon salmon there—no trout,  
 Whitebait or mack'rel's to be seen about:  
 No thievish pike—of small fish the purloiner,  
 Nor does a *carp-enter*. I soon shall *join-er*.

*Song. Air—“That’s where the laugh comes in.”*

I’m going to Hades by Charon’s Ferry ;  
 To all my acquaintance I now bid good bye.  
 I hate stormy weather, and winter can’t bear.  
 I’ve got just sufficient to pay for my fare.  
 I’m going to Hades, it’s jolly warm there.

That’s where the laugh comes in.

I soon shall be close to sweet Eurydice,  
 Down where she will not so particular be ;  
 And p’raps she will look kindly on Aristæ-us,  
 If she don’t my condition will be rather wuss.  
 Once there—I can never come back by the bus.

That’s where the laugh comes in.

I’m a man full of misery, worry, and woes,  
 From the tops of my toes to the tip of my nose;  
 I’m a terrible warning to bachelors gay,  
 And chaps who go on in a wheedling way.  
 And to all such parties, the least I can say,

That’s where the laugh comes in. *Dances off*, R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Rocky Passage. Lights half down.*

*Enter ORPHEUS hurriedly, R. 2 E.*

ORPHEUS. I’ve left them all completely blown—the lot !  
 And now to seek the earth I’ve only got  
 To swim the Styx : but stay, that chilly river,  
 They say is apt to give one such a shiver,  
 That in a brace of shakes one quits this life.  
 Besides, I don’t like leaving my poor wife.

*Enter EURYDICE, R.)*

EURYD. Orpheus, don’t leave me here.

ORPHEUS. The helpless babby !

EURYD. It’s shabby. (*goes up, c.*)

ORPHEUS. Poets, dear, are often shabby.

*Enter PROSERPINE, R.*

PROS. You haven’t gone—would I could fly with thee !

EURYD. Upon my word. (*comes, l.*)

PROS. That minx, Eurydice !

*Enter PLUTO, r.*

PLUTO. At it again, under my very nose. (*crosses to L. c.*)  
Eurydice, behold me. Herc I throw's  
Myself at your two feet, as flounder flat.  
I love you.

EURYD. Do you, Impudence? Take that!  
(*slaps his face—he falls*)  
PROS. (*crosses, c. r.*) You'll pay for this. Pluto, you'll  
pay for this.  
I, who have never done or thought amiss,  
Insulted by my husband and a creature  
(*crosses to EURYDICE, l.*)  
Who hasn't got—no, not a single feature.  
(*turns to PLUTO*)

And as for you—you call yourself a king?  
Poor, cowering, grovelling, miserable thing.  
PLUTO. (*looking up dejected*) Thing! On the contrary, I  
look so small.

I can't say that I feel the thing at all. But, You'll have to live with that, I suppose.

PROS. You'll dare to kiss another t.  
EURYD. (L.) No; 'twas to my face.

PROS. You shall quit the place.

ORPHEUS. Hooray!

PROS. *Who raises that there observation?*  
 (crosses, r. c.)

For a great king, a pretty situation!  
 Upon the floor King Pluto's regal crown.

PLUTO. My dear, you needn't kick me when I'm down.

PROS. I don't know that.

PLUTO. Malevolence don't show  
 Upon this prostrate sovereign Plu—(PROSPERINE  
 kicks him)—toe!

ORPHEUS. (*aside to PROSPERINE*) Now, if you'd let us go,  
 your rival she  
 Would be removed; all cause of jealousy  
 Would then be—

PROS. So it would, a bright ideah.  
 Pluto, get up.

PLUTO. I'm comfortable heah,  
 And if it's all the same—

PROS. Arise, sir!

PLUTO. (*gets up*) There!

PROS. A pass for two for Charon's Ferry.

PLUTO. Where?

PROS. I said a pass for two for Charon's Ferry.  
 (*backs him to l. c.*)

You understand me—Am I not plain!

PLUTO. Very!  
 It is our rule—however it may vex—  
 In Hades, ma'am, we have no pass-out checks.  
 I say they don't go—must preserve my rights.  
 (*Music.—PLUTO cowers beneath PROSPERINE's fury*)

PROS. In future, then, expect no sleep o' nights;  
 No rest by day, for my harsh caudlish clack,  
 Unless you let this hated couple pack!  
 Sisyphus, Tantalus, Ixion's fate  
 Shall all be mild—indeed, I beg to state,  
 Compared with yours! The stone of Sisyphus  
 Is cruel.

PLUTO. But *this tone* of yours is wuss.

PROS. Tantalus' tongue is parched and hot, rash fool.

PLUTO. Compared to yours, my dear, I call it cool.

PROS. Ixion's wheel, though maddening, is a lamb,  
 His life a pleasant course of *weal* and—

PLUTO. Dam!—(*music stops*)

The prospect is too fearful ; they may go ;  
 But only with this understanding though,  
 That Orpheus goes first.

ORPHEUS. That's very kind.

PLUTO. And whilst he's going, never look behind.

ORPHEUS. Who wants to look behind at such as you ?

You don't present such an enticing view ;  
 I'll look before, my glance straight onward keep.

PLUTO. My friend, you'd better look before—you leap.  
 Your wife shall follow closely on your track,  
 If you leave Hades without looking back.

EURYD. Dear Orpheus, you can do it—that's unless you  
 Turn round to look at Proserpine.

PROS. Oh, bless you,  
 I've done with him, a fiddling scribbler low.

ORPHEUS. The grapes are sour—

PLUTO. That's *our* affair, you go.  
 And we shall see, ere you have passed the door,  
 Whether it's *aux* river or *au revoir*.

If Charon asks for payment, give him nix—

ORPHEUS. Old nix ?

PLUTO. Merely this ticket for the Styx.

*Concerted Piece.*

PLUTO. Go, Orphe-us,  
 Don't make a fuss,  
 But retire qui-i-et-lee ;  
 That is the way,  
 Orpheus, good day,  
 Tat, tat, tat, tat, tar, tar.

ORPHEUS. Thankee ; I know  
 The way to go,  
 And so poli-i-et-lee,  
 I say farewell,  
 Pluto, old swell,  
 Tra, la, la, lah, lah.

EURYD. Oh ! won't it be delightful,  
 And with joy I am quite full,  
 Think of returning once more to the earth.  
 Oh ! won't it be delicious,  
 I, of your love ambitious ;  
 You'll then discover Eurydice's worth !

*Air, "Kiss and be Friends."*

PLUTO. He little thinks how deep am I—  
He isn't fly to perfidy.  
PROS. Although to go he'll make a try,  
I fear he will look round.  
ORPHEUS. I'm certain of my liberty  
Of sweet Eurydice.  
PLUTO. He'll turn and listen, I'll be bound,  
When Pluto gives a wee—*(imitates kiss)*  
Zum-a-zum-zum !

EURYD. Kiss and be friends—yes, from to-night—  
Oh ! I shall go distracted quite.  
PLUTO. Kiss and be friends—oh, what delight.  
Oh, jolly happy day !

ALL. Zum-a-zum-zum, &c.

(EURYDICE, L. ; PLUTO, L. C. ; PROSERPINE, R. C. ;  
ORPHEUS, R.—PROSERPINE smacks PLUTO's face  
upon the last note)

ORPHEUS. Good bye ; I'm off ! *(going)* What is this  
queer sensation ?

Pluto's made more of this than there's occasion.  
Why, anyone can go without—and yet,  
Now that I mayn't look backward at my pet—  
Such is one's hatred at compulsion that  
I feel inclined to chance it, and that's flat. *(during  
his speech crosses, L.)*

PLUTO. I know the obstinacy of the shaver.  
*(aside)* He wavers !

EURYD. No he don't ! Oh, did you waver ?

ORPHEUS. *(L.)* When one's told not to do a thing how  
true it

Is, that one longs so dreadfully to do it.  
Farewell !

PLUTO. *(aside)* Now then, Eurydice, my sweet,  
One kiss !

ORPHEUS. What words are those my ears that greet ?  
PLUTO. One ! I'll have fifty !

EURYD. Never, I declare !

ORPHEUS. Oh, I can't stand this !

PLUTO. Nor can I—so there !

(*kisses her—ORPHEUS turns—EURYDICE runs into his arms—picture*)

PLUTO. I knew you'd turn—you'll stay !

PROS. You both shall pine

For ever in the cellar with the wine.

PLUTO. Or say the coals—of which we've endless tons—

Both wife and *nubby*, 'midst the *nubby* ones.

EURYD. How true the words outside have proved—  
oh, dear !

“ All hope abandon ye who enter here ! ”

ORPHEUS. Certainly not ! Dear little lyre, I pray,

Softens their hearts while I upon thee play.

Soothe every savage breast and soften rocks  
As hard as Bouncer's bed in Box and Cox.

PLUTO. Away with them ! (*ORPHEUS commences playing*)  
What's that !

PROS. Don't know—somehow

I wish he'd stop.

PLUTO. Cease this melodious row !

(*the scene becomes gradually lighter from this point*)

My heart feels softening—oh, do stop that strain !

I even feel a softening of the brain.

PROS. I feel so queer ! Oh, I'm remorseful, very.

PLUTO. All recollections of the past we'll bury.

ORPHEUS. Say, may we go ? Oh, gentle Pluto, say.

PLUTO. I feel inclined to blubber ! Yes—you may !

*Enter CHARON, L., bringing in ARISTÆUS.*

Hallo ! Hallo !

CHARON. Hem, Aristæus.

ORPHEUS. You !

My friend, I'm glad to see you—How d'ye do ?

(*shakes hands*)

Sorry we shan't see much of you for we  
Are going back.

ARIST. You !

ORPHEUS. And Eurydice.

ARIST. But I—

PLUTO. Will stop.

ARIST. Stop! But look here, I say,

If she's permitted thus to go away,  
I'd rather go as well. (to CHARON) What do you mean  
By bringing me into the closing scene?  
Here's my adored one going back to life,  
Whilst I—

PLUTO. We'll try and find you a nice wife.

ARIST. What! in this subterranean diabolic tunnel?

PLUTO. And you'll esteem her.

ARIST. Steamer! it's in funnel.

PLUTO. The air you play's so soft—you really might  
Imagine 'twa-s "Oft in the stilly night."

(the rocks at back begin to separate slowly)

ORPHEUS. The very rocks seem softening—yes, the heap!

EURYD. We are two secrets that the rocks can't keep.

*By this time Scene is open, and APOLLO is seen rising  
at back.*

But who's this rising?

PLUTO. Well, good gracious me!

Why, it's Apollo!

PROS. (r. corner) Just in time for tea.

(Scene is now complete—lights full on—EVERYBODY  
on from various entrances)

EURYD. Isn't it rather odd, Apollo rising?

APOLLO. (at back) Yes, I was just about Apollo-gising.

I should come down, of course, but then you see

We've no great room here for machinery;

And as my lyre the loving pair doth ransom,

Why—

ORPHEUS. (c. l.) We'll consider that you've come down  
handsome.

PLUTO. Well, all take tea with us.

EURYD. One moment.

PLUTO. True.

EURYD. (c.) We first must ask, though, do we take with  
you (to audience)?

PROS. (r.) A kindly cheer, in your old fashioned way,  
Will put the seal upon our little play,

And stamp it a success.

PLUTO. (R. c.) And when you stamp  
Don't be afraid it will produce the cramp ;  
But give a good one—several—also  
A little of (*indicates applause*) that sort of thing—  
you know.

ARIST. (L.) And though we'd have no rest in your  
applause,

Still, as the great bard has it, "*Give us paws.*"

APOLLO. Your kind forgiveness let me have my share on.  
Pardon Apollo.

CHARON. (L. corner) Don't forget poor Charon.

ORPHEUS. (comes down, c.) And when your friends shall  
ask you where to go  
To spend a pleasant happy hour or so ;  
Mention the Strand, and not forgetting me,  
Say something handsome (*takes EURYDICE'S hand*) of  
Eurydice.

*Finale.—Air, "After the Opera."*

PLUTO. After your dinner is over,

ORPHEUS. You scarcely have made up your mind ;

EURYD. Where you shall finish your evening,

PROS. Where the best fun you will find.

ARIST. The tip that is straight, says come here,

CHARON. Whatever inviting may be

APOLLO. Elsewhere—it's remarkably clear,

That it's wise to see Eurydice.

PLUTO. (*spoken*) Therefore, if anybody should annoy you  
very much.

ALL. Come from Putney, leave off glut'ny,

Beef or mut'ny leave, sirs, do,

Come from Chelsea, Peckham too.

Come from Putney, not a button he,

Cares for distance—not one who

Comes from Putney. (*repeat*)

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